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THE

PLEASURES

OF

Love and Marriage,

A

POEM

In Praise of the

FAIR SEX.

In Requital for *The Folly of Love*, and some
other late Satyrs on WOMEN.

L O N D O N :

Printed, for H.N. and are to be Sold by R. Baldwin
at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* 1691.

15454.87*

Harvard College Library

Sept. 30, 1911.

Gift of

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Epistle to S T E L L A.

'T Is well, *Dearest Stella*, that the *lewd World* and your *Astrophel* are not much acquainted: For should they once know how long he has *Lov'd*, and how long he has been *Happy*, and yet that he still continues to *Love* as well, and be *Happy* as ever, they'd certainly *Point* at him in the *Streets*, and cry, there goes that *Monster of a Constant Lover*. *Fools and Wretches!* How can you and I at the sametime *Despise* and *Pity* 'em? They han't *Souls* great enough for a *constant Passion*, and are no more capable of relishing so noble a *Joy*, than a rude *Peasant* can the sweetest *Delicacies* of *Wit* and *Musick*. The Wondrous weighty *Excuse* they commonly make use of to cloak their *Perfidy* and *Folly*, is, that forsooth, they can find nothing in the *Fair Sex* that's *Worthy* their continued *Adorations*. I'll not deny that *many*, perhaps, *all of the Beau's acquaintance*, may be just such *Persons* as he *Describes* all *Women*; for we may safely affirm no others would *Ambition* the *Honour* of knowing him. However, *Sympathy* should, one would think, keep him a little closer to what is so extremely *like* his dear *Self*: But the mischief is, like other *Persons* of his *understanding*, he must have every day a *new Toy or Baby* to divert him, or else no quiet is to be expected: And 'tis with him too like *them*; no sooner is a new *play-thing* brought within his reach, but the *old* must be immediately *thrown away* or *knockt o'th' Head*.

But I have forgot I am speaking to my *Stella*, not to *them*, tho I have not much more to say to *either*; only, that I have endeavour'd to do her *Lovely Sex* Justice in the following pages, against the *weak Malice* and *Impudence* of some late *Scriblers*; that I have in the *Draught* I have here attempted of their *Perfections*, taken quite contrary *Measures* to those of the *Painter*, who from all the *Beauties* of his *Country*, made one *Venus*; since from *one of the Graces* I have described *all the rest*; and that *Stella* need do no more than *consult her Glass* to learn who that *Person* is, besides whom, none shall ever have any room in the *Heart* of

Her Happy and Constant Adorer,

A S T R O P H E L.

*Stella askt Astrophel what Love was, and for what Reason he
Lov'd her? Who made this following Answer.*

LOVE is not Wounds, nor Darts, nor Fire,
Nor an unbridled wild Desire:
That never holds which runs too fast;
What's Violent can never last.

Love's not a thing that's bought or Sold,
It thinks no Dross so base as Gold;
Intrest and Fear alike does hate,
Superior unto all but Fate.

It is not Lust, for Brutes would be,
If so, as much in Love as we,
Who neither Shape nor Beauty mind,
But dully must Preserve their Kind.

Where shall this Stranger then be found,
In what fantastic Fairy ground?
Is it a true or Fancy'd bliss?
Speak he that knows it what it is!

'Tis when two Kindred-Souls agree,
'Tis Vertues sweetest Harmony;
Vertue the Spring of true Content
The Basis, Wit the strong Cement.

'Tis made of tender moving Sighs,
Soft grasping Hands, kind melting Eys,
Magic which all our Cares beguiles,
Enchanting Glances charming Smiles.

Short Tremblings; which no fear discover,
The Guiltless Blush o'th' happy Lover,
These are th' Attendants which declare
The little Winged God is there.

If this Description won't suffice,
I'll read the rest in Stella's Eys.
That the exactest Map will prove,
And therefore Stella I must ever Love.

T H E

THE
PLEASURES
OF
LOVE, &c.

D *ivineft Sex, compos'd of purer Mold!*
 (We only are the *Ore*, but you the *Gold*.)
 How fhall I juftly *Treat* fo vaft a *Theme*,
 Where *meanly* to *Commend* were to *Blasphe*me?
 How fhall I give your *Virtues* half their due,
 In *Living Verfe*, and *Numbers* worthy you?
 Fair *Stella*, thy foft *Sexes Pride* and *Joy*,
 The nobleft *Trophy* of the winged *Boy*:
 Bright *Charmer* of my *Soul*, whose very *Name*
 Inspires *Delight* eternal as our *Flame*.

B

No

No longer I'll the noble *Task* refuse,
 If with one gentle *Smile* you'll *Tune* my *Muse*.
 The kindly *Spring* does *Natures Face* restore,
 And dress a new, but *Stella* can do more;
 Where nothing *Gay* e're flourish'd, spite of *Fate*,
 Her powerful *Smile* can what she please *Create*.
 As, *Thebes* ! thy wondrous *Walls* did once aspire
 At the command of great *Amphion's Lyre*.

And now the *Inspiration* does begin,
 I feel, I rising feel the *God* within,
 A kindly *Warmth*, which does with that agree }
 When first my *charming Conqu'ress* wounded me,
 (So near a kin are *Love* and *Poetry*)
 Some *Angel* has with *Nectar* touch'd my *Tongue*,
 As *Spencer's*, when his *Rosaline* he sung.
 Snarl on this *Age* ! the next just praise will give,
 And this, as long as the *Fair Sex* shall live.

When *Man* did first from *Native Turf* arise,
 He all around him cast his wondring *Eys*.
 Absolute *Monarch* then himself might call,
 And under his great *Maker*, Lord of all :
 The *Royal Lyon* willing *Homage* paid,
 The mighty *Elephant* *Obeysance* made ;

Ambition cou'd not find a thing to ask,
 And *Pleasure* had as difficult a *Task* ;
 His most *Luxurious* wish cou'd seek no more,
 When all *Fair Eden* was his own before.
 Yet did he *sad* and *Melancholy* rove,
 By each clear *stream*, thro' ev'ry lonely *Grove*,
 And thought he wanted *something still* to *Love*.
 When to the *Chrystal Brooks* he did repair,
 To view in vain his watry *Image* there ,
 He saw the *Amorous Palms* outstretching wide
 Their *Leavy Hands* to reach the distant side.
 No *Fruit* they bore, unless their *Like* they found,
 But dropt their *Baren Blossoms* on the *Ground* .
 If to the *Woods*, if to the *Plains* he went ,
 What e're he meets augments his *Discontent*.
 Here *Faithful Turtles* Court, and there he sees,
 Thro' all the *Grove*, in all the *Shrubs* and *Trees*,
 The *Feather'd People* lodg their *Families*.
 The bolder *Male* abroad for *Food* does roam,
 And leaves th' *Industrious Female* close at home :
 But every ev'ning returns to wonted *Rest*,
 And *Perches* near her in her *Downy Nest* ;
 Like *seeks its Like*, of every *Kind's* a *Pair*,
 He saw no *Single*, fablous *Phenix* there.

Nor that for which much more he'd blest his *Fate*,
 Which all besides enjoy'd, a gentle *Mate*.
 Weary with *seeking* what cou'd not be found.
 He throws himself upon the Verdant Ground ;
 There sadly lean'd on his kind Mothers *Breast*,
 He with a *Sigh* compos'd his Eys to rest ;
 Where in a wondrous *Vision's* mystick *Shade*
 He saw that glorious Creature *Woman* Made.
 How fine a *Turn* appear'd in every part ?
 The Beauteous *Master-piece* of Heavenly *Art* :
 All the exact *Proportions* sweeter seem'd,
 And Man *himself* above *himself* esteem'd.
 Far more of *Angel* in her *Face* and *Eys*,
 The fittest *Tenant* she for *Paradice*.
 He wak'd and claspt the *Air* ; she from him *flies*,
Flies, yet looks back (so soon that *Art* she knew,)
 And with a *Smile* invites him to *pursue*.
 On rust the *Eager Youth* to Bliss unknown,
 And quickly thought the Beauteous *Prey* his own ;
 Till with a *Frown* his boldness she reproves ,
 At his Fair *Captives* Feet he kneels and *Loves* :
 He *Loves*, she *Grants*, and *Nature* smiles to see,
 In her best works so sweet a *Harmony*.

The *Groves* all *Whisper*, and the *Birds* all *Sing*,
Murmur each *Chrystal Brook* and *Silver Spring* ;
 No *Wind* but *amorous Zephyrs* *Spicy Breez*,
 Which into gentle *Motion* *Fans* the *Waves* and *Trees*.
 What if this *Calm* was, ah! too quickly past,
 This more than *Mortal* *Bliss* too great to last,
 If the false *Serpent*, *Woman* did deceive,
 And sily ruin'd all the *World* in *Eve* ?
 'Twas her ungrateful *Lover* let her stray
 Through an unknown and a *Forbidden* way ;
 Careless what *Company* she chose or *Place*,
 A true *Forefather* of his *Perjur'd Race*.
 When *Surfeited* with too much *happiness*,
 His *Woman* soon discover'd the *Disease*,
 Would be a *Goddeſs*, not to know, but *Pleaſe*.
 Thus when at last by *Helliſh Policy*,
 She *Pluckt* and *Taſted* that *unlucky Tree* ;
 Without her *Adam* she refus'd the *Throne*,
 And scorn'd to be a *Deity* alone ;
 The choicest *Fruit* she in her *Bosome* stor'd,
 And bore with greedy steps to her *Low'd Lord*.
 More *Guilty* far than his mistaken *Bride*,
 He knew the fatal *Price*, yet *Eat* and *Dy'd*.

He

He Dy'd, tho' favour'd with a long *Reprieve*,
 Her Love another *Paradice* cou'd give,
 And made him, ev'n when *Faln*, content to *Live*.

Hence sprung a Race so very *Fair* and *Good*,
 No wonder *Heaven* was left, and *Angels* Woe'd.
 Those *Sons of God* in all their *Pomp of Light*,
 Confess'd they found a *Mortals Eys* as bright.
 What foolish *Man* despis'd, with Joy Embrac'd,
 Mended his humble *Stock* and *Heroes* rais'd.

In *Politics* and *Architecture* Skill'd,
Men Boast they *Empires* raise and *Cities* Build:
 Monsters and Thieves are to *Destruction* hurl'd
 By them; 'tis they pretend to *Rule the VWorld*;
 When *VWomen* kept it in its constant state,
 While they their first *fair Copy* imitate,
 Encourage *Man* in all his *sweat* and *toils*,
 And richly pay his Pains with *Love* and *Smiles*.
 'Tis *VWoman* makes the ravish'd *Poet* Write,
 'Tis *Lovely VWoman* makes the *Soldier* Fight;
 The *Merchant* Sails to *China* or *Peru*,
 Farther than *Janson* or *Mercator* knew;
 And *Caravans* through *Sandy Desarts* rome,
 But to the same account their *Labours* coam,
 To bring a *Mistress* Silks or *Spices* home.

If them with welcom *Smiles* she's pleas'd to meet,
Down go their *Gold* and *Jewels* at her Feet.

Should that *soft Sex* refuse the World to Bless,
Twou'd soon be *Chaos* all, or *Wildernefs*;

A *Herd*, without *Civility* or *Rules*,

A *Drove* of Drinking, Cheating, Fighting *Fools*;

All *Mad* to kick each other off the *Stage*,

Their very *Race* destroy'd in one short *Age*.

'Twas *Beauty* first made *Laws*, did *Monsters* bind,

Reform'd the *World* and civiliz'd *Mankind*;

Taught us at first to turn the *Fruitful Soyl*,

And with glad *Harvest* recompence the *Toyl*,

Fair *Ceres* gave us *Corn*, *Minerva* *Oyl*.

For *Brutal Force* which oft true *worth* supplies,

The other *Sex* may that *Monopolize*;

But which is the best *Title*, *Bold* or *Wise*?

Presence of Mind, *Invention* quick and free,

Unforc'd, and *Natural Ingenuity*;

Forefight and *Caution*, *Ills* unseen to ward,

Ready for th' *worst*, and still upon their *Guard*.

Here *Man* must own, tho scarce without a *Blush*,

They rather do *excel* than *rival* us.

As *useful* and more *nimble* all their *Pow'rs*,

Their *Judgment* sharp, and earlier *Ripe* than ours.

OF

Of Fancy they've an unexhausted *Mine*,
A Quarry where the richest *Jewels* shine,
 Their *Wit* is all their own, and all Divine.
 Who has not heard of great *Orinda's* Fame,
Pride of her own, and our vain *Sexes* shame,
 To every *Sister Muse* a darling *Name*?

Her self a Muse.—

Whom late *Posterity* just *Praise* shall give,
Scarce Cowleys Sacted VVorks will longer live,
 Nor had soft *Afra* less *Immortal* prov'd,
 Had that fond *Sappho* kept her *Heart* unmov'd,
 And had she not too many *Phaons* Lov'd,
 Whether with fair *Oenonoe* she deplor'd
 The broken *Faith* of her ungrateful *Lord*;
 Or in the *Tragic Buskin* swept the *Stage*,
 Or in sharp *Satyr* lasht th' obnoxious *Age*,
 Or aims at something more *Sublime* and *High*,
 When *Casars* Conquer or when *Casars* Dye.
 Till we her *Match* can find, her *Fate* we'll mourn,
 Light fall the *Dust* on gentle *Afra's* *Urn*!

“What! *Woman Wit*? some *VVitty Spark* will say,
 “Egad, not till sh' has Read my last *New Play*.
 “The *Dullest things* on *Earth*, below a *Pen*,
 “Heavy as *Priests*, or old fat *Aldermen*.

Yes

Yes Witty Sir ! the *Bays* so much their due,
 They'll wear in spite of *Impudence* and you.
 If Wit be *Nature's writing Copy fair*,
 Where shall we find it neater Drawn than there ?
 Shew me a *Fop* who seven long years in *France*,
 Has learnt to play the *Fool*, and *Cringe* and *Dance*,
 Can teach 'em the *sweet Arts* of *Complaisance*.
 Their *Sex* the speediest best *Instructions* lends,
 The best of *Tutors* and the best of *Friends*.
 Man's like a *Lute* unstrung, until he be
 By *Conversation* turn'd to *Harmony* ;
 And that's it self, if *Woman* from it stays,
 As dull as when an ill *Musician* Plays.
 Woman's the *Salt of Life*, without a *Grain*
 Of which, attempts for *Mirth* were all in vain ;
 Where e're she treads like *Sunshine* guilds the ground
 And throws an air of *Life* and *Pleasure* round.
 A *Sympathetic Fire*, whose very sight
 Clears all the *Rust* of Man, and makes him *Bright*.
 " But they a hundred thousand *knicknacks* wear,
 " Exalted *Top-knot Christians* now they are,
 " And grow almost as *Proud* as *Lucifer*.
 We none wou'd wrong, but give the *Devil* his due,
 Suppose for once your *Accusation* true ;
 Where did they learn their *Pride*, unless from you ?

If they're *infected*, 'tis with your *Disease*;
 Unless *fantastick*, they can never *please*.
 Is *Pride* then seated in the *Mind* or *Dress*;
 Have you not often seen, if you'd confess,
 A *humble Pomp*, and a proud *Nastiness*?
 With what shou'd they *adorn* themselves, and how?
 Must Mother *Eves* thin *Fig-leaves* only do,
 Or may they wear a *Leathern-Apron* too?
 Or dress'd in honest *Home-spun Country Gray*?
 If you your selves know what will *please* you, say,
 That all the *Sex* may instantly obey.
 Nothing, alas, which feeble *Art* can lend,
 Can unsophisticated *Beauty* mend.
 Is *Phæbus* by the *Clouds* he wears more bright?
 Unarm'd that *Sex* most dangerously *fight*.
 How well becomes a *Horse* his noble *Pride*,
 Since every *Beggar* else would *up and ride*?
 That sometimes will instead of *Virtue* serve,
 'Tis a *just Sense* of what their *Sex* deserve;
 But yours more unexcusable will prove, (love.
 They only love *themselves*, you think that you they
 Nor are you more *uncivil* or *unjust*,
 In fixing here the ugly *Brand of Lust*.

Those

Those whom deserved *slights* and *losses* vex,
 Invent new *Sins* and throw 'em on the *Sex* ;
 More monstrous *Crimes* than e're *Hot Asia* knew,
 Tho if 'twere possible they shoud be true,
Italy equals, and exceeds 'em too. }

Whose *thrifty Wickedness* the *Sex* forsakes,
 And of those *Beauteous Fields* a *Sodom* makes.
 When, *tame Vesuvius* ! shall thy *Thunder* rise,
 And purge those foul infected *Earth* and *Skies*,
 Thy *Streams* beyond th' affrighted *Tiber* shine,
 And justly punish *botter Flames* than thine ?
 If any left, reserve 'em still for those
 Who are the *Lovely Sexes* causeless *Foes*.

How many a faithful *Wife* and gen'rous *Maid* }
 VVhen to a *Ravishers hot Lust* betray'd, }
 Have gladly fled to *Deaths cold Arms* for aid ? }
 How bravely cou'd the *Fair Lucretia* Dye,
 Rather than she'd *survive* her *Chastity* ?
 But ah ! she did the fatal *Stab* misplace, }
 Her part sh' had acted with a *better Grace*, }
 To've Kill'd the *Tyrant* in his loath'd *Embrace* ; }
 There left him in his own *Hot Gore* to role,
 And at the *wound* let out his *Lustful Soul*.

In vain the *Spark may grin*, in vain he'll Swear,
 " *Such Miracles are Ceas'd*, or never were.
 " And that no *Woman* he cou'd ever find,
 " But if the *opportunity were kind*,
 " Wou'd be *so too*.-- Perhaps he once is right ;
 He nere Assaults but where the *Walls are slight* ; }
 True *Bullies* will with none but *Cowards* Fight. }
 A *Virtuous Woman* values *Fame* too high, }
 To let the bold *Affailant* come so nigh, }
 The *Fort's* half gone that *Treats* with th' *Enemy*. }
 That *Town* is *won* which e're th' *Attack* is made,
 Has lost its *Counterscarp* and *Palizade*.
 When the *White-Flag* you see at first hung out,
 You're wondrous *Daring* then, and wondrous *Stout* ;
 When once you but discover those within,
 By their faint *Fire* have a low *Magazine*,
 A slender stock of *Chastity* in store,
 Your Oaths and Curses then like *Canon* roar, }
 You storm like *Devils*, and cry a *Whore* a *Whore*. }
 If you a *Virtuous Woman* tempt in vain,
 Who still repells you with deserv'd disdain,
 Who all your weak *designs* secure can mock,
 Firm seated on an *Alabaster Rock*.

Her

Her *Snowy Bosom* not more pure and fair,
 Than the *white Guest* that still inhabits there,
 Repulst at last with just *Despair* and *Shame*,
 Your *Poisonous Tongues* at least will blast her *Fame*;
 If her you can't, you'll ruin her *Good Name*.
 And to th' *ill-natur'd World* with *Oaths* protest,
 All her *Resistance* was *design* or *Jest*,
 You found her *Woman*, just like all the rest.

But say what *Woman*, search all ages o're
Debaucht a Man, search *Hell's* unnumber'd store,
 Who learnt it not from that *false Sex* before.
 Who, can they any easy *Fool Debauch*,
 Most generously *undo*, and then *reproach*,
 And like th' *Inhabitants* of endless *Flame*,
 Over the *wretch* insult they helpt to *Damn*.
 To whom the *Perjur'd Villains* Kneel'd and Swore,
 But a few *days* perhaps or *hours* before,
 Like a true *Spaniel*; lickt her *Hand* or *Glove*,
 And Vow'd eternal *Constancy* and *Love*.

Marriage is a dull *Ceremony*, made
 By hungry *Priests* of old, to mend their *Trade*.
 'Tis *Love's* the thing, what matter for the *Name*?
 Cou'd they suspect their *Faith* as not the same,
 Or when they'd all the *Stakes* they'd not play out
 (the *Game*.)

Can

Can you be so *ungenerous* and *unkind*?

Then with ten thousand *Oaths* his *Faith* he'll bind ;
Perjur'd and *Damn'd* so often and so deep,

The *Devil* himself th' *Accounts* can hardly keep.

Thus silly *Flies* by *Cobweb-voms* betray'd,

Their *Virtue* lose, and lose the name of *Maid*.

But then how soon another *Face* is shown ?

E're the third night she's stale and nauseous grown,

The *Cur* has now some other *Games* to play ;

No more her *Whistle* or her *Call* t' obey,

H' intends, but *shakes his Tayl* and runs away.

To *Brother Brutes* will of her *Favours* boast,

And Write her *Name* on every *Pissing-Post*.

Who wonders if a *Shop-Lift* hates the *Jayl*,

Or strolling *Gipsies* at the *Justice Rail* ?

If an old *Usurer* 'twou'd not well content

To hear a *Bill* was past for *Four per Cent*,

And if he all *berogu'd* the *Parliament*.

And who, that knows the *World*, will wonder more

That those at *Matrimony* rail, who *Whore*?

Call the poor *Husband* *Munkey*, *Afs*, or *Dog*,

And jear his *Neck* worn with the *Wedlock-Clog*,

While freely they o're *tops of Houses* strolling,

Venture their *Bones* each *Night* a *Caterwauling*.

Besides

Besides a *Ridg*, or into *Chimnies* peep,
 Through *Cellar*, or through *Garret-Windows* creep ;
 Expose themselves to *Falls*, or *Guns*, or *Traps*,
 And twenty other unforeseen *Mishaps*,
 All in the hot pursuit of *VVhores* and *Claps*.
 Ruin their *Health*, their *Honour* and *Estate*,
 To Buy *Repentance* at so dear a rate ;
 For when Old *Age* with *Palsy*'d *steps* draws on,
 Some ten perhaps, or twenty *Years* too soon,
 And long e're this the last dear *Acre* gon.
 Shew me a *Thing* whom more the *World* despise,
 Or more a *VVretch* than the old *Lecher* is !
 'Twou'd even a *common Womans* passion move,
 To see th' Old *Doating Epicure* make *Love*.
 Restrain her struggling *Laughter* she that can,
 A *Loufy*, *Gowty*, *spawling*, poor *Old-Man* ;
 All over *Lame*, his *Hips*, his *Hands*, his *Feet*,
 Fit for no other but a *Winding-Sheet*.

" True cries the *Spark*, but I have *time* to spare,
 " Am *Young* and *Free*, and unconfin'd as *Air* ;
 " I'll *Drink* full *Bowls* of *Pleasure* while I may,
 " And treat *Life* kindly, since so *short* its stay,
 " And sip the *sweets*, and bask in the warm *Beams* of day,

" While

" Whilst i'm *awake* i'll to my self be kind,
 " And Reason too for all that I can find,
 " Since all's a *long*, a *dark*, *eternal* sleep behind.

Sir, are you *sure* of that ? Nay, never Swear,
 You think none e're come thence that once were there;
 How should you know it then ? Deny it not,
 By *night* and *sleep* you mean you *know* not *what*.

" Well, if their shou'd, as the dull Clergy prate,
 " Be any *Future World* or *After State*,
 " Sure that good *Being* who did all Create,
 " Rewards and Pains distributes *justly* there,
 " And *Man* for *necessary* Ills will spare,
 " Nor will his Punishment be too *Severe*.
 " For what's more hard to *vanquish* than *reprove*,
 " The natural *Fault*, if such it be, of *Love* ?
 " Are we into our *Ruin* thus *decoy'd* ?
 " VVas *Nature* made only to be *destroy'd* ?
 " For what is *Good*, if not to be *Enjoy'd* ?
 " And what is *Good*, or *where*, unless 'tis *Common* ?
 " And shew me any *Good* on *Earth* like VVoman !
 So now the *Quarrel's* plainer than before,
 'Tis with the *Virtuous* VVoman, not the VVhore.
 Well *Argu'd* for a *Beast*, we needs must own,
 To whom no *Principle* but *Sense* is known ;

They

They neither *Number* nor *Distinguish* can,
 (Those are the *Sole Prerogatives of Man*)
 But rush with undiscerning *Rage*, like you,
 On the first *Object* that presents to view.
 Themselves with *Shape* or *Beauty* ne're perplex,
 But just like you, 'r in *Love* with all the *Sex*.
 Thus they, but those with *reasoning minds* endu'd,
 Suspend a while when a *Good Object's* view'd,
 And ask, if a *Proportionable Good*?
Sense is enough where *Senses* only *Woe*,
 But *Reasoning Lovers* must have *Reason* too,
 No wonder if the *Body* quickly cloy,
 But *Minds* are *infinite*, and like themselves *Enjoy*.
 There you may *Travel* still from *Pole* to *Pole*,
 Where *Winds* can carry, or where *Waves* can roll,
 For all the *World* is *Pictur'd* in a *Soul*;
 An unexhausted sweet *Variety*,
 That ne're degenerates to *Satiety*,
 But out-lasts *Time*, and measures with *Eternity*.
 Can any thing in this dull *World* pretend,
 Than *Wit* and *Reason* greater *Bliss* to lend ?
 And *Wit* and *Reasons* pleasures never end.
 If there's a farther *Pleasure*, 'tis a *Friend*.

E

Whom

Whom mutual *Griefs* and mutual *Jays* may move,
 With whom we all the *Sweets* of *Life* may prove,
Society and *Sympathy* and *Love*.

If each of these so *Charming* is alone,
 Who wou'd not gladly listen to be shown,
 Where, without fail, to find 'em all in one.

At once the vast united *Jays* to prove,
 Of *Sense* and *Reason*, *Nature*, *Friendship*, *Love* ?
 For such a *Bliss*, who'd not the *World* despise,
 If such a *Bliss* he might *Monopolize* ?
 Yet need not his poor *Neighbour* at him *Grutch*,
 Tho he has all, t'other may have as much :
Fire, *Air*, *Earth*, *Water*, thus we common call,
 Yet 'tis not all to some, but some to all.

“ VVou'd not this *Phanix* set the *World* at strife

“ To enjoy't ? No, there's no danger, 'tis a *WWife*.

“ A *WWife*, the *Spark* replies, the *Name's* as dull

“ As *Country Squire*, or sage *Right Worshipful*.

“ Rather than that, e'en let the *World* stand still,

“ Or *Porters* drudg to keep it on the wheel.

“ Give me your *French Ragoo* ! your racy *Mifs*,

“ I hate a *WWife*, that *English* fulsom *Dish*,

“ Nor know nor care whether 'tis *Flesh* or *Fish*.

“ On

" On such *Gross Food* our *Grandfires* us'd to *Dine*,
 " The *Coxcombs* knew not what 'twas to *Eat Fine* :
 " The *World* Sir now is mightily improv'd,
 " 'Tis not the age in which their *Wives* they Lov'd.
 Degenerate *Race* ! Your own and *Natures* Foe :
 Ah ! that your *Fathers* never had *done so* !
 And yet in truth 'twou'd bear a long debate,
 If this *whole Age* be'nt illegitimate ?
 By their loose *Sires* with *Rage* and *Brandy* hot,
 In *Leagues* on the *Sutlers Wives* begot.
 Since nothing they but *Drabs* and *Drinking* mind,
 So true the Proverb, *Cat will after kind*.
 Tho *some* there are, so very good and *few*,
 That if enough might *Plant* the *VWorld* anew.
 Not made like those Sown on *Earths* fertile Face,
 Old *Pyrrhu's* and *Deucalion's* *Stony* Race,
 But warm'd with gentle *Fire* and gentle *Love*,
 As Pure and Constant as the *Lamps* above.
 By Law and Inclination doubly joyn'd,
 Both acted by one *Sympathetick Mind*.
 VVhom *Wedlock's* *Silken Ghains* as softly tye,
 As that which when asunder *snapt*, we dye,
 Which makes the *Soul* and *Body's* wondrous *harmony*. }

Thrice Happy they in those soft *Fetters* ty'd,
 The Fatal *Sisters* only can divide ;
 Who for no other *Mastry* ever strove,
 But whether of the two should better *Love*,
 As kind as when the *Youth* did first pretend,
 (*Passions* on *Virtue* founded never end)
 For tho in *Age* their *Tops* less verdant show ,
 Their flour'ning twisted *Roots* still stronger grow.
 No churlish *Feuds* disturb their blest *Abodes*,
 All calm, as are the *Dwellings* of the Gods.
 No little peevish *Quarrels* enter there,
 No noise but *Sighs* which Fan the *Amorous* Air,
 And all like *Tempe* still, and all like *Tempe* Fair.
Jealousy's Banish'd thence, and *Rage* and *Pride*,
 And all the *Torments* of the *World* beside,
 Sweet *Peace* their close *Attendant*, *Love* their *Guide*.
 All the *white Passions* that delight to rest,
 With *Innocence* in every constant *Breast* ;
Pleasures which *Guilt*, nor *Time*, nor *Age* destroy,
 Grateful *Vicissitudes* of *Hope* and *Joy*.
 Glad *Lambent Flames*, but no wild wandring *Fire*,
 A still *Possess'd*, and still renew'd *Desire* ;
 The Parent that, *Delight* the *Child* of *Love*,
Complacency, the Heaven of those above.

Wisely

Wisely has Fate to *to half the World deny'd,*
 (Almost perhaps to *'other half beside*)
 That more than mortal Bliss, *a Virtuous, Lovely Bride*
 Since knew they once the Joys of *Loving well,*
 And were they all but *blest like Astrophel ;*
 Ev'n for *Elysium* sure they'd hardly care,
 But spite of *Lethe* live unhappy there.
 Whoever of the *two* first seiz'd shou'd be,
 Whether 'twere *Orpheus* or *Euridice ;*
 T'other wou'd follow, either to retrieve
 Far more than *half their Soul,* or with 'em live.
 One then cou'd never Dye without a *Pair,*
 The *Indian Wives Examples,* now so rare
 Wou'd then be own'd, and practis'd every where.
 Let others Rally, Envy, Smile or Chide,
 Me from my *Stella* may no day divide.
 Not ev'n the *last,* 'twould be *Impiety,*
 To think I'd wish to *out-live* her, or she
 To live one single moment *more* than me.
 Wou'd some of you, ye gentle Powers above,
 Who favour *Innocence* and *Virtuous Love ;*
 Wou'd you blest *Astrophel's* Petition grant,
 For which thus low he kneels your *Suppliant.*

His

His *Modest* wishes should not aim too high,
Thus only he'd ask to *Live*, and thus to *Dye*.

After a *Life* in *Virtuous* *Acts* employ'd,
And *Bliss*, that leaves no *Sting* or *Shame*, enjoy'd,
(Double your *Gifts*, ye *Gods*! If ought you'd give)
To cheerful *Age* may *He* and *Stella* live,
Till of their *Lives* no *Friend* is weary grown,
Nor they, or of each others, or their own.
May they (but sure that with scarce needs) Love on
With mutual *Flames* till their last *Sand* is gon;
Then gently leaning on each others *Breast*,
Slumber away in *Smiles* to softer *Rest*.
Mistaken *World* to envy *Kings*, when we
May at far less expence far happier be.
All those gay trifles which so weigh'em down,
Their *Robes* and heavy; wondrous heavy *Crown*;
Their *Globe*, their *Scepter* and their *Diadem*,
With ease a happy *Lover* can contemn,
Poor cumber'd things, by Heaven *I* pity them.
So great their *Toyl*, their thankless *Task* so hard,
Ungrateful *Towns* to Save, and *Kingdoms* Guard,
So great their *Task*, so rare their just *Reward*.
What can a worthy *Reparation* prove?
What but a *Beauty* worth a *Princes* *Love*?

IF

If in ten Ages *one by Fate* is blest,
 One *Favorite Prince*, who all his Life redrest,
 The worlds wide wrongs, and succour'd the distressed }
 " True *Successor* o'th' great *Herculean* race,
 " Form'd by the Gods, fell *Monsters* to debase ;
 If *one* with such an *Empress* favour'd be, }
 As suits his Inclination and Degree,
 Worthy to fill a share of Majesty.
 Who with him joyntly feels each Joy and Smart,
 True partner of his Empire, Cares and Heart ;
 If *Business* he of one short *Hour* beguile,
 And lets th' *expecting World* stand still the while ;
 If *Great Augustus* from the *Field* retires,
 And *Gracious Gloriana's* Eys admires ;
 The *Fates of Empires* will not let him stay,
 He in a few short *moments* must away ;
 Some *other Kingdoms* his Defence do crave,
 Imploring that he'd them vouchsafe to *Save* ;
 Their *Patron* and their *Guardian Friend* esteem,
 And lift their *Dying Eys* to Heaven and Him ;
 Or *sighing Europe* of her wrongs complains,
 Shows her Imprison'd *Hands*, and begs he'd break
 Deliver all her Injur'd *Sons* and Her, (her *Chains*,
 And take just Vengeance on the *Ravisher*.

Whilst

Whilst now he *plunges* through the frighted *Boyn*,
 Now the *Mosell*, and *Meuse*, and headlong *Rhine* ;
 A thousand *Fates* around him does *despise*,
 And sends far *more* among his *Enemies* ;
 He keeps far off our Danger at a *Bay*,
 While we securely here sit still and Pray.
 Taste the *sweet Spring*, and new recov'ring *Groves*,
 And thro' our Peaceful *Plains* Record our happy
 While *Gloriana* fills so well his Trone, (Loves.
 As either were design'd to Reign *alone* ;
 Dazles *Spite's* Eys, stops *Envy's* stinking Breath,
 A second Lov'd, Ador'd *Elizabeth* ;
 Had She been Born where *Rome's* Religion sways,
 And all the World their *Mitred Prince* obeys ;
 They one St. more wou'd from their Mass-book }
 New *Ave-Mary's* they'd repeat to Her, tear, }
 And place Her *second* in the *Calendar* ; }
 No other Saints *auspicious* aid they'd crave, }
 Her single *Worth* and *Merits* they'd believe }
 Sufficient all Her Rank and Sex to Save. }
 While She the Kingdom's Intrest still Improves,
 While She Her *Royal Lord* so dearly Loves,
 While She'll so Fair, so Just a Pattern give, (Live.
 Her Subjects must be blest, if they'd but like Her
 'Tis

'Tis flat *Disloyalty* that *Sex* to blame,
 Who now can so Divine a *Princess's* Claim :
 None sure will do't, but those who burst for *Spite*,
 None but despairing *Teague* or *Jacobite*.
 For those who in their rage persist and will
 The vengeance of a *Loyal Lover* feel ;
 Who still at the *Fair Sex* will rail and curse,
 Be this their *Doom*, till we can find a *worse* :
 Be this their *Doom*, to *Love* and to *Despair*,
 The *Ridicule* of some *Fantastic Fair* ;
 With *Folly*, *Jealousy*, and *Pride* possess'd,
 And all the *Faults* are *Charg'd* on all the rest ;
 So fondly *fickle* that she does not know
 What she has promis'd *half an Hour* ago.
 (I need not wish a *Mortal* more perplex'd)
 Nor better what she means to do the *next* ;
 Still discontented, sower, morose, and vain,
 Triumphant in her *tame Adorers* pain ;
Filting him to his *Face*, but not too long *deceive*,
 Lest he too happy shou'd himself *believe*.
 May all the *Infamy* they ever cast
 Upon the *Charming Sex* rebound at last
 On their own *curst Heads* ; their *Folly*, *Pride*,
Rage, *Lust*, and every poysonous *Ill* beside :

May *Envy* gnaw their *Intrails*, never free
 From Eating *Spite*, and Canker'd *Jealousie* ;
 Through ev'ry *Vein* may the sharp *Venom* roul,
Diseases rack their *Body*, *Rage* their *Soul*,
 Till with their *Sins* and *Sores* alike opprest,
 They Rotting to the *Dung-hill* crawl for rest ;
 Drop in the *Streets*, like *Poyson'd Rats* from *Shelves*,
 Or in some *Whores* old *Garters* Hang themselves.

F I N I S.